

"Only Waiting."

An old man, sitting in the door of an almshouse, was asked what he was doing there. He answered, "Only waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of Heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Ere now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness
Hely, deathless stars shall rise
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies!

Miscellaneous.

Grizel Cochrane.

A TALE OF TWO-MOUTH MOOR.

When the bigotry and tyranny of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpation was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor to the present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's Rebellion, and for ages a settled gloom seemed to hang over the house of Cambell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes in the cause of its chieftain. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly and desperate was his resistance; but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, the jailer waited for the arrival of his death warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, and heart yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessings, one who was the pride of his eye, and of his house—even Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison house, he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp wall of his cell, cool the feverish pulsation that shot through it like fire, when the door of the apartment turned slowly on its unyielding hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark and fearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow too deep to be veiled away, and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and dashed away the tear that accompanied the word.

"Your interview must be very short," said the jailer, as he turned and left them a few moments together.

"God help and comfort you my daughter!" added the unhappy father as he held to his breast his daughter, and printed a kiss upon her brow. "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come, my love thou art come! and the last blessing thy father—"

"Nay, father," she exclaimed, "not thy last blessing, not thy last—my father shall not die!"

"Be calm! be calm, my child," returned he, "would to heaven that I could comfort thee, my own! But there is no hope—within three days thou and all my little ones will be fatherless—"

"He would have said, but the words died on his tongue."

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast and eagerly pressing his hand; "my father shall live? Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Peter, the confessor and the father of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not yet die!"

"Nay, nay, Grizel," returned he, "be not deceived, there is no hope; already my doom is sealed; already the king has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is on the way hither."

"Yet my father shall not, shall not die!" she repeated emphatically, and clasped her hands together.

"Heaven speed a daughter's purpose," she exclaimed; and turning to her father she said calmly, "we part now, but I am confident we shall soon meet again."

"What would my daughter do?" inquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously upon her pretty face.

"Ask not now, my father," she replied, "ask not now! but pray for me, and bless, but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his breast and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a way-faring man crossed the bridge of Bowick, from the north, and proceeding down Maygate, at last sat down upon a bench by the door of an hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting what was called the Maingard then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his headquarters a few years before, and where, at some earlier period, James the Sixth had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin, fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a small cloak composed of equally plain materials.

He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting a few moments rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee if thou intend to travel in such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few moments he was upon the borders of the wide, desolate and weary moor of Two-mouth, which for miles presented a desert of whins, ferns and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm which was now raging in the wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and agony echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, till he had proceeded two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amid some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside.

Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect shelter, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of horse's feet was heard hurriedly splashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the girths, the rider raised his head, and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Desmount!" cried the stranger sternly.

The horseman, bounded and stricken with terror, made an effort to reach his arm, but in a moment the hand of the robber, quivering with rage, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail for the north, and flung it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor; but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death warrant had been robbed; and before another order of his execution could be given, the intervention of his father, the Earl of Dundonald with the king's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. The intervention of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted and would be despotic monarch signed the warrant for his death, and within a little more than a day the warrant would reach the prison in which he was confined.

"The will of heaven be done," groaned the captive.

"Amen!" returned Grizel, with wild vehemence; "what my father shall not die!"

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of two-mouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to the utmost speed, he looked cautiously before and behind him, and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shadow. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed and the horse reared more violently, and he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, bowing over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said, "give me thine arms, or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber, sternly, "but leave with thy horse and leave with me the mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man therefore arose and proceeded toward Berwick, trembling; and the robber, mounting the horse which he left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with the second death warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, and the tidings arrived that the mail had been robbed. For yet fourteen days the life of prisoner would again be prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter and wept, and said, "It is good; the hand of heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud, "that my father should not die!"

The fourteen days were not yet passed, when the prison door flew open, and the Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercessor with the confessor had at length been successful; after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had so often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon. He had hurried with his father from the prison to the house, his family were clinging around him, shelling tears of joy—and they were travelling with gratitude and mysterious providence that had twice intervened the mail and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted; and the robber entered. He was habited as we have before described, in the coarse jerkin; but his bearing was above his condition. On

Ellsworth American.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

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entering he slightly touched his beaver, and remained with it on.

"When you have perused these," taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them into the fire."

Sir John glanced on them, started, and became pale—they were his stolen death warrants.

"My deliverer! exclaimed he, "how shall I thank thee—how repay the savior of my life! My father, my children, thank him for me."

The old Earl grasped the hand of the stranger, the children embraced his knees, and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father—"my own child—my Grizel!"

A Grave Without a Monument.

The noblest of cemeteries is the ocean. Its poetry is, and in human language ever will be, unwritten. Its elements of sublimity are subjects of feeling, not description. Its records, like the reflection mirrored on its waveless bosom, cannot be transferred to paper. Its vastness, its eternal heavings, its majestic music in a storm, and its perils, are things which I had endeavored a thousand times to convey; but until I was on its mighty bosom looking upon its moving mountain waves, feeling that eternity was distant from me the thickness of a single plank, I had tried in vain to feel and know the glories and the grandeur of the sea. I there first felt what John of Patmos meant when he said of heaven, "There shall be no more sea." But there is an element of moral sublimity which impressed my mind, and which I would be pleased if I could transfer it in all its vividness to the minds of your readers.

The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its shrouded sleep without a monument. All other graveyards in all lands show some symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike unmarked. The same waves roll over all—the same rapids, by the ministry of the ocean, is sent to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unadorned, will sleep until awakened by the same trumpet, the sea will give up its dead.

Thought of sailing over the shimmering but devoted Cookman, who after his brief and thrilling career, perished in the President—over the laughing-loving Power, who went down in the same ill-fated vessel, may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he and thousands of others of noble spirits of earth lie, no one but God knows.

No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered, or where the lover of the good and the wise can go to shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "middle passage"? Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other shore the heavenly obelisk reflected in such splendor. In no other so many unimpaired traces of the power of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights as I passed over the noblest of the cemeteries, without a single human monument.

KNOWLEDGE.—This Gen. Burnside has entered and which will probably be his headquarters for some time, is a city of about 5000 inhabitants. It is situated on the Holston river, one of the affluents of the Tennessee river, at the head of steamboat navigation. The city is regularly laid out and handsomely built. It contains a college, (the East Tennessee) free printing offices, three churches, two academies and the usual county buildings. The great Virginia and Tennessee railroad runs through it. Being much the largest place in that mountainous section its political and social importance can hardly be appreciated in this region of great cities and dense population. At the time Tennessee declared for secession the vote in Knox county, in which Knoxville is situated, stood 3196 for the Union to 1214 for secession. It was at Knoxville that the Constitution of Tennessee was framed in 1796.

FOR THE APPOINTMENT.—John Collins, a poor Irishman, of this city, has just been appointed to a cadetship at West Point. It has been his ambition for years to get the appointment. He acquired a very fair education at the free schools in this town; he made several efforts to secure the appointment, and enlisted as a volunteer for the purpose of earning a claim to it. He went bravely through several battles, and when at Washington went directly to the War Department, told his story, the circumstances of his parentage, his aspirations, and services as a soldier, and Secretary Stanton informed him at once he should have the appointment. And he has received it, being appointed from one of the districts of Georgia. We ask the adopted citizens, who are too prone to be influenced into denunciation of the government, if there is any other under the sun, where this would have been likely to occur.—*Rutland, (Vt.) Herald.*

NO OTHER OR CALM.—Most of the popular Ocean or Calmels—contain more or less Opium, which prevents their general use. Dr. HALL'S BALSAM, being entirely free from this narcotic poison, will be found not only safe, but highly efficacious in subduing every form of Lung disease.

Small Leaks in the Household Ship.

A thousand worm holes, that will each admit scarcely a gallon of water during ten hours, will much sooner water-log a ship than a large hole through which is poured in a gallon a minute. In the financial affairs of a family, though the large outgoes may be canvassed and avoided, the whole income dribbled away, and no advance be made toward competency, wealth or position. As a rule, the financial success of any family depends more upon the economy of the wife, than upon the earnings or business income of the husband. Mrs. Haskell, in her recently issued "Household Encyclopedia," throws together some of the small leaks in a household ship, which we copy for a double purpose; 1st, to show the men that their wives have a multitude of cares, or little details, to look after—generally far more items than occur in man's business pursuits; and 2d, to perhaps in some cases, indicate to housewives details that they may not have thought of before:—"much waste is experienced in the boiling, etc., of meats. Unless watched, the cook will throw out the water without letting it drip to take off the fat, or scrape the dripping pan into the swill-pail. This grease is useful in many ways. It can be burned in lamps mixed with lard; or, when no pork has been boiled with it made into candles. When pork is boiled alone, it will do to fry cakes, if cleaned. Again bits of meat are thrown out which would make hashed meat, or hash. The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, or the bread-crust is left with dough sticking to it. Pie-crust is left and laid by to sour. Instead of making a few tarts for tea, etc. Cake batter is thrown out because but little is left.

Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when often they can be steamed for the next day, or, as in case of rice, made over in other forms. Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast nicely. Dish towels are thrown down where mice can destroy them. Soap is left in water to dissolve, or more used than is necessary. If bath brick, whitening, rottenstone, etc., are used, much is wasted uselessly. The scrub brush is left in water, pails searched by the stove, tubs and barrels left in the sun to dry and fall apart, chamber pails allowed to rust, tin not dried, and iron-ware rusted; nice knives used for cooking in the kitchen, silver spoons are used to scrape kettles, or forks to toast bread. Rising of sweetmeats, and skimming of syrup, which makes good vinegar, are thrown out; cream is allowed to mould, and spoil; mustard to dry in the pot, and vinegar to curdle the custard; tea, roasted coffee, pepper, and spices, to stand open and lose their strength. The molasses jug, loses the cork, and the flies take possession. Sweetmeats are opened and forgotten. Vinegar is drawn in a basin, and allowed to stand, until both basin and vinegar are spoiled. Sugar is spilled from the barrel, coffee from the sack, and tea from the chest. Different sauces are made to sweet, and both sauce and sugar wasted. Dried fruit has not been taken care of in season, and becomes wormy. The vinegar on pickles loses its strength, or leaks out, and the pickles become soft. Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until they become worthless. Apples decay for want of looking over. Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine water seeps out. Hams become tainted, or filled with vermin, for want of the right protection. Dried beef becomes so hard it cannot be cut. Cheese moulds, and is eaten by mice or vermin.

Lard is not well tried in the fall, and becomes tainted. Butter spoils for want of being well made at first. Bones are burned that will make soap. Ashes are thrown out carelessly, endangering the premises, and being wasted. Servants leave a light and fire burning in the kitchen when they are out all the evening. Clothes are whipped to pieces in the wind; fire cambrics rubbed on the board, and laces torn in starching. Brooms are never hung up, and soon are spoiled. Carpets are swept with stubs, hardly fit to scrub the kitchen, and good new brooms used for scrubbing. Towels are used in place of holders, and good sheets to iron on, taking a fresh one every week, such as being nearly all in the house. Fluid, if used, is left unworked, endangering the house, and wasting the alcohol. Caps are left from lamps rendering the fluid worthless by evaporation. Table linen is thrown carelessly down and is eaten by mice, or put away damp and is mildewed; or the fruit stains are forgotten, and the stains washed in. Tablecloths and napkins used as dish towels; mats forgotten to be put under hot dishes; teapots melted by the stove; water forgotten in pitchers, and allowed to freeze in winter; slops for food and pig never saved; china used to feed cats and dogs on; and in many other ways, a careless and inexperienced housekeeper will waste, without heeding the hard-earned wages of her husband; when she really thinks, because she buys no fine clothes, makes the old ones last, and cooks plainly, she is a most superior housekeeper.—The next time an unthinking husband is disposed to be severe because some trifling matter has been neglected, he should put that in his pipe and smoke it.—*Agriculturist.*

The fashion writers think bonnets will be higher this fall. Forty dollars for "a sweet thing" will, however, be reasonable to everybody but the brute who pays for it.

Sailors are proverbially partial to female society when on shore. Probably this is because they "miss stays" so much when on board ship.

Escape of Bangor People from Texas.

Mrs. Deane, wife of John P. Deane, formerly Principal of the Boy's High School in this city, arrived at her father's in this city Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Deane were at Galveston, Texas, at the breaking out of the rebellion, and at the evacuation of the place under rebel military rule, went to Texas, where Mr. Deane remained, pursuing his profession of teacher, by virtue of which he escaped several conscriptions. For two years they have endeavored to make their escape from the country, but the movements of everybody were strictly watched, so no practicable opportunity offered till May last, when they fled, in company with Walter Q. Brown, adopted son of Walter Brown, Esq., of this city, and some others, across the country, nearly five hundred miles, to Matamoras, where they awaited transportation to New Orleans.

They escaped none too soon, as a few days subsequently a more sweeping conscription than before was enforced—taking all between fourteen and sixty, with an exceedingly narrow exemption limit. Mr. Deane and Walter Brown remained at New Orleans, the former in government service, and the latter desirous of fighting under the Stars and Stripes against the rebels at whose hands he had suffered so much hardship.

While at Houston, young Brown was conscripted, but obtained a situation as clerk for a rebel Colonel at Galveston, went thither, preferring to spill ink rather than blood for secession. On arriving there he found the Union fleet just arriving off the place and joined the excited populace on the shore watching the naval advent. While on his way back up the street he was seized by two men and conveyed to the guard house, and accused of making some manifestation of rejoicing at the advent, although he was not aware of having done so. He was committed to prison with the commonest felons, where he was detained six weeks, with nothing but a pile of straw to sleep on, and nothing but the most wretched food, and was changed from place to place so that his friends could not communicate with him. They however, finally succeeded in getting at him, and pressing his case before the authorities, no charges were made and no witnesses appeared against him, and he was liberated on parole. Upon applying where his funds were deposited in Houston they turned him off with the remark that he must have a very fertile imagination to suppose there was anything in the Confederacy belonging to him.

Mrs. Deane says one can form no idea of the strictness with which those suspected of Union sympathies are watched. They do not dare by word or look to betray their sentiments. Many have escaped from the country, and many have been murdered or wounded in attempting to do so. Individuals on their own responsibility, without any official warrant, in hunting refugees as if they were wild beasts. Some five hundred refugees arrived at Matamoras while Mrs. Deane was there, and many were her fellow passengers to New Orleans, where they intended joining the Union ranks in the hope of some day returning with liberated force to free the dumb and persecuted Union sympathizers at home and secure their families again under better auspices. There are thousands there who would welcome an army under the good old banner, if it came in sufficient force to assure them permanent security. Of the more bloodthirsty atrocities committed in Texas upon Union sympathizers, Mrs. Deane says forty-five were hung in one of the upper counties. She heard it also from a participant in the slaughter, who boasted of helping run up five of them.

Those treason sympathizers about our streets who howl against the despotism of our government which permits them to do with impunity what no other government on earth would, had better place themselves under the mild sway of rebellion, for the fuller enjoyment of personal and constitutional liberty; where an expression of affection for the Union and the dear old flag despoils those who utter it of their property, sends them to the dungeon and galleys, or marks them to be hunted as wild beasts. These men who would withdraw or armies, let the union perish, and leave its friends no rebel soil victims of a merciless persecution, would find there a better government than towards and traitors deserve.—*Bangor Whig.*

DIDN'T WANT A SUBSTITUTE.—Mr. Pilkinton, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was sometime ago drafted for the service of his country. His wife, though she possessed but a small stock of general information, is one of the best conjugal partners, and she was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was much engaged in scrubbing off her doorsteps a rough looking stranger came up and thus addressed her:

"I hear m'm, that your husband has been drafted."

"Yes, sir, he has," answered Mrs. Pilkinton, "though, do you know, there's few men that could better be spared from their families."

"Well m'am, I have come to offer myself as a substitute for him."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Pilkinton, with some excitement.

"I'm willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You take the place of my husband, you wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond!" cried Mrs. Pilkinton, as she discharged the dirty soap suds in the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

THE RESERVE STRENGTH OF THE FREE STATES.—A few figures lately obtained from the Department of Agriculture tell a story which the world would do well to consider. Our total agricultural exports (exclusive of cotton) in 1860—when we were yet at peace—were \$90,849,556, of which Southern ports exported \$19,738,365. In 1861, with half a million of men in arms, and no Southern exports, they amounted to \$137,026,505, and in 1862, with a million of men in the field (one half of them from the rural districts) and no Southern exports, they reached the sum of \$155,142,075. The amount of wheat and flour alone exported in the year ending September 1, 1863, exceeded that of the previous year by over seven millions of bushels. Estimating the force of our army (and its employees) in the field at one million of men, as I done—and I deem it a reasonable estimate—and the rations per diem to each man at twenty-two ounces of flour, it requires for its supply for a year 12,800,000 bushels of wheat. Was there ever a country in the world one half of which could feed such an army, largely made up from its agricultural population, and yet so wonderfully increase its exports of breadstuffs?

MASCULINE BELLES.—I often wonder what would be the effect upon a man's vaunted constancy of such a course of flattery as any average pretty woman is subject to. Imagine an individual of good sense and calm judgment, surrounded constantly by a set of fascinating ladies, who were only too happy to be his slave, complimenting him perpetually on his fine eyes, his faultless complexion, and his superb dancing; fancy him serenaded by night, visited by day, presented with bouquets, and from time to time receiving an honest offer of marriage from persons whose happiness was but too plainly bound up in a favorable answer. What, I say, would be the result of such an intoxicating process on the character of any young man? would it not render him so utterly conceited and heartless, that it would be quite mendacious? Yet the successful belle is blamed for an innocent fondness of gaiety and admiration! I do not mean to imply that I think that such an ordeal favorable to the development of the best qualities of a woman's nature, but considering that from the necessities of the case, it is utterly impossible for a beauty to avoid this adulation, fair allowance ought to be made for its effect and credit given for resisting its evil results.—*Little Decent United.*

BE CIVIL.—A few days ago a despatch was received by a gentleman in Boston from the westward, in which his correspondent requested the receiver to instantly inform a merchant in a neighboring city regarding certain affairs which had an important bearing on his pecuniary interest. Without delay the gentleman rode out of town and called on the merchant, who received him in the most unkindly manner, and, without allowing him a preliminary word told him "to come to the subject of his business at once and then clear out." Naturally irritated at such a reception, the gentleman left the merchant's counting room without exchanging a word with him. The consequence was that the lack of the information which common civility would have furnished the merchant has since cost him \$25,000.—*Journal.*

WE FIND THE FOLLOWING "GOOD" UN.—Among Sol Smith's anecdotes of the stage: "We were performing the farce of lovers quarrels, in a town called Nicholsonville. The theatre was in a ballroom and the landlord was in the habit of going behind the scenes to witness the performance; on account of his belonging to the church, he did not wish to be seen in front. In the first scene, when 'Charles' was making a present of his watch, purse, etc., to 'Jacintha,' I (as Sanchez), advised him to save something to pay his board. At this moment our religious landlord popped his head on the stage, and said: 'Mr. Smith don't mind your board, go on with the play just as you would—if you haven't the money at the end of the week, I will wait.' He was honored with a thundering applause; and he backed out overwhelmed with his reception."

THE WRONG BOY JUMPED.—Capt. Ellis of the cavalry relates the following little incident which serves to illustrate how coolly the 'horrors of war' are looked upon by our boys. He says in one of the numerous skirmishes in which his company were engaged, dismounted, one of his men, young Kitchen from Houlton, spied a rebel running across the field opposite. "Now," said Kitchen, taking deliberate aim at the rebel, "you'll see that I'll jump," and fired, but missed his mark. The rebel coolly stopped and returned the compliment, and George received a ball in the fleshy part of the leg. He jumped about four feet and ejaculated, "By jolly the wrong boy jumped that time."—*Portland Courier.*

A STUMPER.—An Ohio politician, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it and exclaimed: "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partially closed, modestly replied—"I think, sir, I do, indeed sir—I think if you and I were to stamp the country together, we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word during the whole time, sir."

APPLYING PRINCIPLE TO A CASE IN HAND.—An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental leg with his venomous little teeth.—"Blazes! what are you biting me for?" "Well, who began this 'ere war?"

HUMAN NATURE.—Some wise man sagely remarked, "there is a good deal of human nature in man." It crops out occasionally in boys. One of the urchins in the school ship *Massachusetts*, who was quite sick, was visited by a kind lady. The little fellow was suffering acutely, and his visitor asked him if she could do anything for him. "Yes," replied the patient, "read to me." "Will you have a story?" asked the lady. "No," answered the boy; "read from the bible read about Lazarus;" and the lady complied. The next day the visit was repeated, and again the boy asked the lady to read. "Shall I read from the Bible," she inquired. "Oh! no," was the reply, "I'm better to-day; read me a love story."

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